

The New Scotch-Jigg

OR, The Bonny Cravat.

Johnny wooed Jenny to tye his Cravat;
But Jenny perceiving what he would be at,
With delays put him off, till she found out his mind;
And then afterwards she proved more kind:
At length, both Parties were well agreed,
And went to the Kirk to be Wed with all speed.

Tune of, *Jenny come tye my, &c.*



As Johnny met Jenny a going to play,
Quoth Johnny to Jenny, I prithee love stay:
Since thou art my honey, my joy, and delight,
I'll love thee all day, & I'll please thee at night.

*Jenny come tye my, Jenny come tye my,
Jenny come tye my bonny Cravat.
I have tyed it behind, and I've tyed it before,
I've ty'd it so often, I'll tye it no more.*

Do say not so Jenny, nor do me not scorn,
For better poor Johnny had never been born:
I'll not my Heart with being unkind,
I'll ever endeavour to pleasure thy mind.
Jenny come tye my, &c.

But Johnny I ken it, altho to my grief,
When you stole my heart away like a fly thief,
You promis'd me Marriage, with many things
Which yet is not wiped out off the old score, (more)
Jenny come tye my, &c.

O Jenny, let none of this trouble thy mind,
For now thou shalt see, I'll be loving and kind:
A little forgetful I was, I confess,
But all shall be mended that now is amiss.
*Jenny come tye my, Jenny come tye my,
Jenny come tye my bonny Cravat.
I have tyed it behind, and I've tyed it before,
I've ty'd it so often, I'll tye it no more.*



If thou buy thee a Collar, and a Scarf, & a Hood:
If thou wilt believe me, I'll ever be good:
For Rings, & for Ribbons, ne'r matter for that,
If thou art but willing to tye my Cravat.

*Jenny come tye my, Jenny come tye my,
Jenny come tye my bonny Cravat.
I have tyed it behind, and I've tyed it before,
I've ty'd it so often, I'll tye it no more.
All this you did promise me often before,
If I would but tye it one time, or two more;
But yet you were never so good as your word,
Therefore for to tye it I cannot afford.*

Jenny come tye my, &c.
O Jenny if thou wilt be ruled by me,
It shall not be long ere we wedded will be:
For I have got Money, & House, & good Land,
Which all shall be ready at Jenny's Command.
Jenny come tye my, &c.

Best dog, on the Common I have got a Collar
To give us some Milk, and bonny black Pot;
I likewise at Heam have a Dog and a Cat,
Then prithee good Jenny come tye my Cravat.
Jenny come tye my, &c.

Your House, I believe, is not often repair'd;
And as for your Land, it lies in the Church-yard:
Your Money, if any such thing you may have,
With it keep you honest, & probe not a Knave.

Jenny come tye my, &c.
Your Cow on the Common that grazes you say,
May wheedle another your will to obey:
Then prithee make much of your dog & your Cat,
For I am not willing to tye your Cravat.
Jenny come tye my, &c.

O Jenny, why art thou so hard of belief?
I fear thou art minded to kill me with grief:
Before thee I'll open my Heart to the life,
I tell thee I mean for to make thee my Wife.

*Jenny come tye my, Jenny come tye my,
Jenny come tye my bonny Cravat.
I have tyed it behind, and I've tyed it before,
I've ty'd it so often, I'll tye it no more.
Then do not thou flout me, but freely comply,
Nothing shall be wanting for Jenny and I:
Then give me my Jenny, thy heart & thy hand,
For I will be ever at Jenny's command.*

Jenny come tye, &c.
O Johnny! I fear thou dost flatter me now,
Else I could love thee, I swear and I vow:
But with fair delusions I may be undone,
Therefore from thy Jenny good Johnny begone.
Jenny come tye, &c.
A Maid by her choice she may soon be despoil'd,
And left in the lurch, when she hath bin enjoy'd:
But if you be honest, declare it in brief,
And let me not languish in sorrow and grief.

Jenny come tye, &c.
O Jenny, then prithee take one word for all,
I never will leave thee what ever befall:
In Richness and Wealth I will for thee provide,
And at the next Kirk I will make thee my bride.

Jenny come tye, &c.
Then Johnny I love thee as dear as my Life,
And I am contented for to be thy Wife:
And we will be married to both our content,
I hope we shall never have cause to repent.

*Jenny come tye my, Jenny come tye my,
Jenny come tye my bonny Cravat.
I have ty'd it behind, and I've ty'd it before,
And now I will tye it a hundred times more.*

London, Printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.